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With this Ring

A One Act Comedy by
Kimberly Barger

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With this Ring

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CHARACTERS

NATE - male, 22-30, in a funk after his fiancée Claire suddenly broke off their engagement with no explanation.

MARIO - male, 22-30, Nate's best friend, laid back, no worries, doesn't take life too seriously, not the relationship commitment type.

CLAIRE - female, 22-30, Nate's ex-fiancée.

GEORGE - male, 22-30, Claire's date, lost puppy kind of guy, clueless when it comes to dating.

SETTING

Present day, Claire's apartment, around 8:00 pm on a Friday night. Action alternates between a sitting area in the apartment and the bathroom in the apartment.

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AT RISE: *NATE and MARIO are hiding just outside
CLAIRE'S apartment.*

NATE
I really don't think this is a good idea. What if she's in there?

MARIO
We've been out here for two hours, and we haven't seen any sign that she's in there. Come on,
let's get this over with.

MARIO starts to walk toward the door.

NATE
Wait!

MARIO pauses, impatiently.

NATE
What if she's sleeping?

MARIO
At eight o' clock on a Friday night?

NATE
She could be sick . . .

MARIO
Do you want the ring back or not?

NATE just looks at Mario.

MARIO, *Continued*
(Sighing)
If it makes you feel better, I'll go knock on the door and make sure no one's there.

NATE
(Whisper yelling)
Mario!

*MARIO ignores him and continues to the
door, knocking loudly on it. NATE remains
in place..*

MARIO

(Calling)

Yoo-hoo, Claire? You in there? Nate wants the ring back. You remember Nate? My roommate? The guy you're supposed to marry next month?

NATE

(Still whisper yelling)

Would you be quiet! Someone's going to hear you!

MARIO

(Again, loudly towards the apartment)

Oh that's right, you decided to call the wedding off two weeks ago. Without any explanation. That really wasn't cool you know. I had his bachelor party all planned. You should see the stripper I got. She does this routine where—

NATE

(Interrupting)

Mario! Stop it!

MARIO

She's not here. Are you convinced?

NATE

(Hesitantly)

I guess . . .

NATE goes over to the door and takes a key out of his pocket. He holds it up like he's going to unlock the door, but he pauses.

MARIO

Has she returned your calls?

NATE

No . . .

MARIO

Has she texted you back?

NATE

No . . .

MARIO

And what did she say when she told you that the wedding was off?

NATE

(Sighing)

That she never wanted to talk to me again.

MARIO

And?

NATE

And that if I tried to contact her again she was going to put the picture of my birthmark on Instagram.

MARIO

And do you want the picture of your birthmark on Instagram?

NATE

No . . .

MARIO

Oh for the love of . . . Just give me the key.

MARIO takes the key out of NATE's hands and unlocks the door.

MARIO, *Continued*

(Gesturing inside)

After you.

NATE

Just for the record, I still don't think this is a good idea.

NATE walks in hesitantly, followed by MARIO. They stand for a moment inside the apartment, turning on a light and looking around, then slowly start to walk through the sitting area, searching for the ring.

MARIO

If I were an engagement ring, where would I be?

NATE

Maybe the bedroom?

MARIO heads toward the bedroom door and goes in, exiting view for the moment. NATE starts to follow but stops at the couch when

he sees a bright pink, very girly sweatshirt hanging over the side of the couch. He stops and picks it up, staring at it. Meanwhile, we hear drawers being opened and closed from the bedroom.

MARIO

(From the bedroom)

Not in here. Not in here. Nope, not in this one. Whoa, dude! *(Walks out holding up a sexy pair of underwear)* Now I see why you're so bummed about Claire leaving you.

NATE ignores him, holding the sweatshirt tighter against him.

MARIO, *Continued*

Earth to Nate.

NATE

I gave her this sweatshirt for her birthday last year.

MARIO

Good for you. Does it have the ring in it?

NATE continues to ignore MARIO. He holds the sweatshirt against his face and smells it.

NATE

It smells like her. I need to take this too.

MARIO

Uh-uh. We agreed, just the ring. Nothing else. You don't need her sweatshirt reminding you of her every day.

NATE

I'm taking it.

MARIO

Nate, give me the sweatshirt.

NATE

No.

MARIO

As your best man . . . well, I guess technically I'm not your best man anymore . . . As your best friend and roommate, I cannot allow you to take that sweatshirt.

MARIO tosses the underwear aside and tries to grab the sweatshirt, but NATE quickly jumps away so MARIO can't get it. MARIO continues to try unsuccessfully to get the sweatshirt from NATE. Eventually NATE puts the sweatshirt on to keep MARIO from getting it. He looks ridiculous but doesn't care because he feels victorious.

While NATE and MARIO are struggling over the sweatshirt, GEORGE and CLAIRE come into view walking toward the apartment. CLAIRE has a big red/purple stain on her white shirt. GEORGE is carrying a take-out container.

GEORGE

I'm real sorry about your shirt. I really didn't mean to spill the wine. Gosh, I feel terrible about that.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it. It was an accident.

GEORGE

It's just, sometimes I talk with my hands, and I don't even realize I'm doing it, and I guess I was doing it and bumped the wine glass and—

CLAIRE

(Interrupting)

Well, this is my place.

NATE and MARIO hear CLAIRE and GEORGE outside and freeze.

NATE

She's here! Great, now what are we gonna do? She's gonna flip when she sees me in here. I told you this was a bad idea!

MARIO

She's with someone. It sounds like a guy. *(Goes to door and looks out the peephole)* I can't see who it is though. *(Puts ear up to door to listen)*

NATE

Get away from there! She could walk in any second!

*MARIO ignores NATE and listens to
GEORGE and CLAIRE.*

GEORGE

I had a great time tonight. Well, except for, you know . . . *(Gestures to CLAIRE'S shirt)*

CLAIRE

(Trying to be polite)

Yeah, tonight was . . . well . . . thanks again for dinner.

GEORGE

Boy, I'm real sorry we didn't get to have our dessert there. This chocolate cake smells amazing. Hey, do you want to have it now?

CLAIRE

Now?

GEORGE

I loooove chocolate. Chocolate cake is one of my favorite foods. I could seriously eat it every day. Oh I'm drooling just thinking about it. Maybe we could have just a couple bites. I mean, the least I can do is share my cake with you since I spilled wine all over your shirt.

NATE

Will you get away from the door?!

MARIO

Maybe if we run out really quick she won't notice.

NATE

She's right outside the door. I'm pretty sure she'll notice. Come on! We have to find somewhere to hide.

CLAIRE

I don't know. I should probably deal with this stain now.

GEORGE

I'm a real fast eater.

CLAIRE

Yeah . . . I . . . noticed that at dinner.

GEORGE

So let's just have the cake. It will be the perfect ending to our date.

MARIO

It's a date! She's on a date!

NATE pauses momentarily from his search for a hiding place and looks up at MARIO.

NATE

A date?

CLAIRE

(Giving in)

Oh what the heck. The night can't get any worse. I guess a few bites of cake can't hurt. Come on in.

CLAIRE starts to open the door while GEORGE does a quick "happy dance" behind her. MARIO jumps back from the door.

MARIO

The bathroom! Quick!

NATE and MARIO run towards the bathroom. NATE goes in, followed by MARIO. On the way, MARIO sees the underwear that he tossed on the floor, so he quickly grabs it before running into the bathroom. They shut the bathroom door just as CLAIRE and GEORGE walk into the apartment.

CLAIRE

I'm going to go change my shirt. Make yourself at home. I'll just be a minute.

GEORGE

Do you need any help?

CLAIRE

Changing my shirt?

GEORGE

Yes . . . no! I mean . . . I'm not so good at taking girls' shirts off. No, that's not what I mean . . .

CLAIRE

(Awkwardly)

I'm good. Thanks though.

CLAIRE goes back into the bedroom, exiting view for the moment. GEORGE sits on the couch, not quite sure what to do.

NATE

A date? She just broke off the engagement two weeks ago. Do you think she broke it off for this guy?

MARIO

I hope not. This guy doesn't really seem like . . . how should I say it . . . boyfriend material.

NATE

(Shaking his head)

A date . . .

NATE smells the sweatshirt again, sentimentally.

MARIO

Hey, don't let it get to you. She probably just needs to get laid.

NATE

What?! Why would you say that?!

MARIO

I just meant I'm sure this guy doesn't mean anything. I was just trying to make you feel better.

NATE

Well it's not working.

MARIO is still holding CLAIRE'S underwear, and NATE notices it for the first time.

NATE

Is that Claire's underwear?

MARIO

Yep.

NATE

Do I even want to know?

MARIO casually tosses the underwear to the ground.

MARIO

I found it when I was looking for the ring in her bedroom. I didn't have a chance to put it back before they came in.

NATE

That's messed up.

MARIO

That's messed up? You're the one wearing her sweatshirt and sniffing it.

NATE

That's different.

NATE pulls the sweatshirt a little tighter and tries to take a quick sniff without MARIO noticing. MARIO notices anyway and shakes his head, then goes to the door and puts his ear to it to listen.

GEORGE

(Calling back to the bedroom)

Uh, hey Claire? Do you mind if I use your bathroom?

CLAIRE

(From the bedroom)

Of course not. It's the door right next to the painting.

GEORGE

Thanks.

GEORGE walks toward the bathroom.

MARIO

The guy is coming into the bathroom!

NATE and MARIO panic, trapped. At the last second they jump into the shower and pull the curtain shut just as GEORGE walks into the bathroom.

While GEORGE is in the bathroom, NATE and MARIO listen and react silently since they can't talk while GEORGE is there. MARIO is getting a kick out of it, but NATE is worried that they'll be heard or seen.

GEORGE walks over to the sink and looks in the mirror. Throughout, MARIO and NATE try their best to control their laughter so as not to be heard, especially MARIO who occasionally can't help but peek out with NATE, of course, always pulling him back.

GEORGE

(Talking to himself in the mirror)

Come on George. You got this. She's totally into you. Don't get nervous and blow it like you did the last time. Well the last few times. Ok, every other time. Just take a deep breath and chill . . .
(Takes a deep breath and blows it out, relaxing a little bit; notices the underwear on the floor)
Whoa. *(Picks up underwear, fascinated)* Wooooowww.

GEORGE admires the underwear, holding it up and examining it. Meanwhile, CLAIRE comes out of the bedroom.

CLAIRE

Everything okay George?

Startled, GEORGE snaps out of his underwear daze, quickly tossing them back on the floor.

GEORGE

(Calling out to CLAIRE)

Everything's fine! *(Looks at himself in the mirror again and talks to himself)* Just remember what you practiced . . . *(Trying to sound seductive)* Hey Claire, if you thought that cake was good, wait 'til you see the other dessert I brought. Why don't we have it in the bedroom. What's that? You can't wait to try my other dessert? Well let's go. I think it will really fill you up.

CLAIRE

Are you talking to someone?

GEORGE

(Stammering)

N-no. Nope. I-I'll be out in a minute! I'm excited for the cake!

CLAIRE

Um . . . okay. I'll get it ready.

CLAIRE starts to get the cake ready while GEORGE continues to talk to himself in the bathroom, quieter now.

GEORGE

(Still looking in the mirror)

I'm excited for the cake? Really George, come on. Pull it together. Just remember to act cool. You got this. *(Cheering)* George, George, you're the man. You can do this, yes you can! Goooooo George! Fist bump!

GEORGE fist bumps himself in the mirror, smooths his shirt and leaves the bathroom, joining CLAIRE in the sitting area for the cake. MARIO opens the shower curtain.

MARIO

(As quietly as possible)

Is that guy for real? *(Impersonating GEORGE)* George, George, you're the man. You can do this, yes you—

NATE

(Interrupting)

Mario! You can make fun of the guy all you want later. We have to figure out how to get out of here!

MARIO

Ok, ok, relax. The guy will probably bore her to sleep and then we can sneak out.

NATE

I'm serious!

MARIO

Do you have a better idea?

NATE

(Sighing)

No.

MARIO

Let's just hang out in here until she goes to bed and then we'll sneak out. Besides, I have a feeling this could get pretty entertaining. Come on, don't you want to know what they're saying?

NATE

No.

MARIO puts his ear against the door to listen. NATE sits down on the toilet.

NATE

I can't believe she's on a date. I just don't get it. Everything was great. I know I was happy. And she seemed so happy too. I just wish I knew why she called everything off.

MARIO

Look, women are complicated. You never really know what they're thinking.

NATE

I guess. I just thought Claire was different. I mean I get being dumped, but we were engaged. You don't just break off an engagement for no reason. And then to not even talk to me?

MARIO

If it makes you feel any better, I got blown off recently too.

NATE

(Finally a little interested in what MARIO is saying)

You did?

MARIO

Yeah. I know, surprising, right?

NATE

What happened?

MARIO

You know when you were away on that job interview in Atlanta?

NATE

Yeah?

MARIO

I kinda hooked up with this girl. She came over to our apartment, I cooked her an amazing meal, we had some drinks, and then I treated her to the Mario Special.

NATE

The Mario Special?

MARIO

Oh yeah. First I give her a niiiice, sloooooow, passionate kiss. Then I take my right hand and I—

NATE

Okay, I get the point.

MARIO

George could pick up a few pointers from the Mario Special.

NATE

So is this girl anyone I know?

MARIO

(Suddenly uncomfortable, seeming to hide something)

Nope. Just a girl I . . . uh . . . met at the bar.

NATE

Okay?

MARIO

Anyway, we had an amazing time. I actually wanted to see her again.

NATE

You? Wanted to see a girl again?

MARIO

I know. It freaked me out too. I texted her the next day asking if she wanted to come over again. She texted back saying that she didn't think it would work out between us. I've texted her a few more times since then, but she won't get back to me.

NATE

Man, sorry about that.

MARIO

Eh, whatever. My point is that girls will always be messing with our minds. Might as well get used to it now. You sure you don't want to listen to this? It might make you feel better.

NATE

I'm good.

MARIO puts his ear back to the door to listen. CLAIRE and GEORGE are in the middle of a conversation. The cake is almost gone, and GEORGE has the last bite on his fork.

CLAIRE

So your mom makes you breakfast every morning?

GEORGE takes the last bite of cake and starts talking with his mouth full.

GEORGE

Yeah. You should taste her pancakes. They're amazing! They're like this big, and they're just so fluffy. And sometimes she puts these little chocolate chips in them. Not the big chocolate chips. It has to be the little ones. Hey, maybe she could come over here tomorrow morning and make pancakes for us!

CLAIRE

Your mom? You want your mom to come over here? Tomorrow morning? To make us pancakes?

GEORGE

Yeah! You'll love her!

CLAIRE

Actually, I wasn't really planning on you spending the—

GEORGE suddenly realizes that he has eaten all the cake himself. He starts apologizing, but CLAIRE thinks he's apologizing for assuming that he would spend the night.

GEORGE

Oh man, oh no. I'm so sorry. I always do this.

CLAIRE

It's ok. I'm just not quite ready for—

GEORGE

I ate all the cake and you didn't even get a bite.

CLAIRE is confused at first, then realizes that he's not even talking about spending the night and is instead apologizing for eating all the cake.

CLAIRE

Oh. It's ok. I'm not really much of a cake person.

GEORGE

Oh wait! I brought another dessert.

CLAIRE

You did?

GEORGE

(Getting really nervous and mixing up his words)

I did. I mean the cake was amazing, but this dessert is even bedroom. I mean better. And it's really going to fill me up. I mean I need to fill you up. I mean . . .

MARIO

Nate, I really think you should listen to this. It's some quality entertainment right here. I have to take a leak anyway.

NATE

Seriously? Now?

MARIO

What? I drank that big soda while we were waiting to make sure Claire wasn't here. If you had just come in when we first got here instead of insisting that we wait two hours, we would have been long gone by now. But now we're stuck here and I've got to drain my pipe. So switch places with me.

NATE

Fine.

CLAIRE and GEORGE continue talking while NATE stands up from the toilet and switches places with MARIO. NATE starts listening at the door. MARIO lifts the lid to the toilet and starts to get ready to use the bathroom, but before he can pee, CLAIRE excuses herself to go to the bathroom.

CLAIRE

Actually, I'm still pretty full from dinner. Maybe some other time.

GEORGE

(Hopeful)

Really?

CLAIRE

(Standing up)

Will you excuse me for a minute? I need to use the bathroom.

GEORGE

Oh yeah, sure. Hey, do you have any milk? My mom always gets me a nice big glass of warm milk at night time.

CLAIRE

(Aside)

Warm milk? *(To GEORGE, gesturing off)* The kitchen's back there. There's milk in the fridge. Help yourself.

*CLAIRE heads toward the bathroom.
GEORGE walks off stage, in search of the kitchen. MARIO is standing with his back to the audience and is just getting ready to pee.
NATE jumps back from the door.*

NATE

Incoming! Get back in the shower!

MARIO

(Interrupted before he can pee)

What? But I was just—

NATE

Shower!

MARIO

But I really need to—

NATE

Now!

NATE pulls MARIO into the shower just as CLAIRE opens the door and comes in, closing the door behind her. She walks over to the toilet where the seat is still up from when MARIO was getting ready to use it.

CLAIRE

Great, he doesn't even put the seat down.

She puts the seat/lid down and sits down, taking out her phone from her pocket and calling someone. While she's waiting for the person to pick up, she notices her underwear on the floor.

CLAIRE, *Continued*

And he was going through my laundry. Eww.

CLAIRE puts the underwear in the hamper and the person picks up on the other end of the phone. We hear CLAIRE'S side of the conversation.

CLAIRE, *Continued*

Hey Amanda. *(Pause)* No, I'm fine. It's just . . . this was a bad idea. *(Pause)* I know, I should have listened to you. I just thought that going out with someone might take my mind off of Nate. But it's just making me miss him even more. *(Pause)* No, George seems like a . . . nice . . . guy. But the more I'm around him, the more I realize how great Nate is. Or at least how great he was. I still can't believe that he cheated.

NATE looks at MARIO, confused. MARIO is just as confused and shrugs, not understanding either. It's also obvious that MARIO still really needs to pee. There's a lot of gesturing going on between NATE and MARIO since they again aren't able to talk while CLAIRE is in the bathroom.

CLAIRE, *Continued*

I never saw it coming. And with his ex-girlfriend of all people. *(Pause)* I know. Ugh. Jenny. When I saw her leaving his apartment I couldn't believe my eyes.

At the mention of the name "Jenny" MARIO suddenly looks really guilty. While CLAIRE continues to talk, NATE looks at MARIO questioningly. MARIO avoids his stare and continues to struggle with his need to pee.

CLAIRE, *Continued*

I wish I had never gone over to Nate's apartment that morning. I just wanted to drop off the cake topper that my sister made for us so that he could see it when he got back. I feel like such a fool. I'm here planning every detail of our wedding, while he's off screwing his ex-girlfriend. Oh I'm so mad at him.

GEORGE

(From off)

Hey Claire, I can't figure out how to use your microwave. My mom always does this for me. Can you come help me?

CLAIRE

(Calling to GEORGE)

I'll be there in a minute!

CLAIRE, *Continued*

(Back to her phone conversation)

I know, I know. But how do I get over someone I've been with for three years? And that I was going to marry? Amanda I still love him. I can't help it. Even if he did cheat on me, I can't help how I feel. Maybe I should just call him and— *(Pause then sighing)* You're probably right. Talking to him would only make things worse.

GEORGE

(From off, calling out to CLAIRE)

I really think I need some help. . .

CLAIRE

(Into phone)

I have to go. I'll call you tomorrow. *(Pause)* Ok, bye.

CLAIRE stands up and sets her phone on the back of the sink, shaking her head. She opens up the medicine cabinet and takes out a small box, opening it up. It's the engagement ring.

While CLAIRE has been talking, NATE couldn't help himself and is peeking out from behind the curtain. He sees the ring. His eyes get wide and he excitedly motions to MARIO that he sees the ring. MARIO motions that he really needs to pee.

CLAIRE takes the ring out of the box, putting it on her finger, then taking it back off and looking at it.

CLAIRE

Oh Nate. I just don't understand.

GEORGE

(Still off)

Uh, Claire? I think I pushed the wrong button. Oh boy. I can't get it to turn off. Oh no. *(Pause)* Uh-oh . . . Claire?

CLAIRE puts the ring back in the box, sighs and shakes her head, and puts the box back in the medicine cabinet.

CLAIRE

I'm coming.

CLAIRE exits the bathroom, not realizing at first that she left her phone on the bathroom sink. She closes the door behind her and starts walking toward the kitchen off.

MARIO exhales a sigh of relief that he can finally go to the bathroom. He starts to open the shower curtain.

Finally!

MARIO

NATE pulls the curtain shut, blocking MARIO from getting out.

Not so fast. Why won't you look at me?

NATE

Come on. I really need to pee.

MARIO

Not until you tell me what's going on.

NATE

This isn't funny man. My pipe's about to burst here.

MARIO

NATE just stands there holding the curtain shut until MARIO finally gives in, sighing.

MARIO, *Continued*

(Quickly)

Okay fine. The girl I hooked up with the other week was Jenny. When you were away, she came over and spent the night. Claire must have seen her leaving the next morning and thought that you had lied about going to Atlanta so that you could have Jenny over.

You hooked up with Jenny?

NATE

MARIO

(Still quickly)

I thought about telling you, but I didn't want to make you mad. Then when Jenny wouldn't text me back, I figured it wasn't a big deal anyway. Now if you don't let me out right now I'm gonna turn the shower on right here. And I don't mean Claire's shower.

CLAIRE realizes that she left her phone in the bathroom. She turns back toward the bathroom to get it.

CLAIRE

Shoot, my phone.

NATE drops his hand from the curtain, deflated. MARIO jumps out as fast as he can and immediately flings up the toilet lid/seat and starts to pee [his back toward the audience], sighing with relief.

At the same time, CLAIRE gets to the bathroom and opens the door, only to find MARIO peeing in her bathroom. She screams, surprised.

MARIO

(Grinning at CLAIRE while still peeing)

I know, impressive isn't it?

CLAIRE

Mario! What are you doing here!?

MARIO

(Still peeing)

What? You've never seen a guy water the flowers before?

CLAIRE

I can see that. But why are you . . . watering them here?

MARIO

Hang on. Almost done.

CLAIRE turns away impatiently.

MARIO

You don't need to turn away.

CLAIRE

I'm good. Really.

MARIO

Your loss.

MARIO doesn't appear to be in a hurry to finish, and perhaps he whistles while he pees. NATE is still in the shower, behind the curtain. Finally MARIO finishes and flushes.

MARIO

All good. You can turn around now.

CLAIRE turns back around to face MARIO.

CLAIRE

Better?

MARIO

Much.

CLAIRE

Now why on Earth are you in my bathroom?

MARIO

It's kind of a funny story . . .

NATE is frantically shaking his head no, even though MARIO can't see him.

CLAIRE

How did you even get in here?

MARIO

I used Nate's key.

CLAIRE

(Annoyed)

Nate. I should have guessed he had something to do with this.

MARIO

He really didn't. It was all my idea. I said we would just sneak in quick and look for—

CLAIRE

We?

MARIO

Um . . .

NATE tentatively opens the shower curtain.

NATE

(Hesitantly)

Hey Claire.

CLAIRE

Seriously? Is there anyone else in my bathroom I should know about? *(Does a double take)*
And why are you wearing my sweatshirt?

MARIO

Look Claire. All Nate wanted to do was get the ring back. We knew you didn't want to talk to him, so we just planned to get in, get the ring, and get out while you weren't here. But you and chocolate cake guy got home before we found it.

CLAIRE

(To NATE)

You came to get the ring back?

NATE

Kind of. Yeah.

CLAIRE

Oh.

NATE

What was I supposed to do Claire? You called off the wedding without any kind of explanation, and you wouldn't even talk to me.

CLAIRE

I didn't give you an explanation? Come on Nate. If you really can't figure it out on your own, why don't you ask Jenny.

NATE

I can explain.

CLAIRE

(Angry)

It's pretty clear to me. You tell me you're going on a trip to Atlanta for a job interview, but when I stop over to drop off some things for the wedding, I get there and see your ex-girlfriend – **your ex-girlfriend!** – leaving your apartment.

NATE

It's not what you think.

While CLAIRE talks, GEORGE comes staggering into the living room, his shirt wet, and black smudges all over him. He makes his way toward the bathroom.

CLAIRE

I'm not stupid Nate. I know what a girl looks like after a night of mind-blowing sex, and Jenny looked like that times ten. Please tell me how it's not what I think.

When she says "and Jenny looked like that times ten," MARIO beams with pride.

GEORGE

(Approaching the bathroom)

Claire, there was a little incident. I might have started a fire. But I put it out . . . I think. I also might have ruined your microwave. And I used up all your milk. But—

GEORGE walks into the bathroom, surprised to SEE CLAIRE in there with two other men. The OTHERS are just as surprised by the sight of GEORGE.

GEORGE

(To CLAIRE)

Oh, I didn't realize you had roommates. *(To NATE and MARIO)* Hi, I'm George.

MARIO

We know.

GEORGE

(To NATE)

Hey, I have that exact same sweatshirt!

CLAIRE

You know what . . . screw it. You want the ring back Nate? Here you go.

CLAIRE gets the ring box out of the medicine cabinet and gives it to NATE, a little harder than necessary.

CLAIRE, *Continued*

George, I think I'm ready for that dessert you were talking about.

GEORGE

Oh . . . um . . . well . . . I don't actually have another dessert. I was talking about . . . uh—

CLAIRE

I know what you were talking about. Come on. Let's go to my bedroom. These guys were just leaving.

CLAIRE turns and storms out of the bathroom to the bedroom. GEORGE isn't sure what to do.

NATE

Claire, wait!

GEORGE

Well, it was nice meeting you guys. I better go . . . um . . . well, you know. Hey, you don't have any pointers do you? I've never really done this before.

MARIO

You got this, George.

NATE

(Unable to believe that MARIO isn't helping him stop CLAIRE)

Mario, what are you doing?

MARIO

George, George, you're the man. You can do this, yes you can!

GEORGE just looks at MARIO, embarrassed, having no idea how MARIO could have heard this.

MARIO

(To GEORGE, holding his fist up)

Fist bump?

GEORGE grins, forgetting his embarrassment, fist bumps MARIO, and then leaves the bathroom talking to himself and doing his happy dance.

GEORGE

You got this. You can do it . . .

NATE

(Angry)

How could you let him go back there with her?! What kind of a friend are you? First you sleep with my ex-girlfriend and hide it from me. Then you talk me into sneaking into Claire's apartment to get the ring. And now you let this . . . this . . . this . . . George . . . go back to "have

NATE, *Continued*

dessert” with her. Did you ever once think to tell her what happened? Maybe stand up for me? I’ve always been there for you. I’ve watched girl after girl leave the apartment after a night with you—

MARIO

Always consensual—

NATE, *Continued*

and I’ve never judged you. You know what? If you could keep it in your pants just once . . . just once! . . . *this* wouldn’t have even happened. This is all your fault.

MARIO

Okay, first of all, I gave up my Friday night to be here with you.

NATE

You call this helping me?

MARIO

Second of all, you got what you came for. (*Gesturing toward the ring box that NATE is still holding*) And C, the only reason I let George go back there with Claire is because there’s no way in hell anything is gonna happen between them. You did see the guy, right? Claire is just upset and she wants to get back at you for cheating on her.

NATE

But I didn’t cheat on her!

MARIO

I know that. And you know that. But Claire doesn’t know that.

NATE

No thanks to you!

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes